

Edith Riley, who was a great support to him during their near 60 years of married life. Almost every year used to see Norman and Edith in some part of Europe, always armed with a net. Though he never made a personal collection, he always deposited the fruits of the chase in the Museum. Only in 1970, apart from attending the Congresses, did he venture to Africa when he visited Uganda just before the onset of the Amin régime. He was a great *raconteur* with a fine sense of humour, especially in matters entomological. These included many anecdotes. One such delightful incident he used to recount, took place many years ago in the Pyrenees when he was collecting with one of the Adkin family. The wives were sitting down watching operations when a French couple came along. The young woman enquired what the two men were doing with their nets, to which came the answer "They appear to be catching butterflies". "But they look quite intelligent" came the disarming reply.

The amusement he derived from this episode typifies the happy and cheerful outlook Norman Riley had on most aspects of life. He admired frankness and high integrity of character, and was a staunch and good friend to all who gained his confidence. A very popular and well-loved figure has gone from our midst, the like of whom we may not see for a very long time. All who had the privilege of knowing him must wish to express their sympathy to his widow and other members of his family extending to the fourth generation. — C. G. M. DE W.

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## Notes and Observations

NOTES ON, AND THE APPARENT EXTINCTION OF, THE CHALK-HILL BLUE: *LYSANDRA CORIDON* L. IN LINCOLNSHIRE. — On the day when the paper and wireless contrived together to tell us that the Large Blue was extinct in England, Mr. Les. Hare came to see us. I think the sad news may have spurred him, but he had other sad news, which, alas, I could confirm. *Lysandra coridon* seems to have disappeared from its small habitat north of Grantham. He had been there early in August: I had been there late in August. Our friends had been in between, but all without avail. The N.C. notice of the Nature Conservancy does not seem to have been effective. We think the foodplant has been ousted. But we look back on the days when *coridon* flew there. I remembered taking two specimens, which I sent to the Museum at Tring. He had other memories, for Les is a photographer of no mean talent.

It was, he said, a sunny August — mid-August — day a few years back when he and his wife set out to observe *coridon* flying on the narrow strip of grass, about three metres wide and about half a kilometre long, that lines the left side of the hill as one goes up it to where the road forks. There are some small trees and growth in about the middle, but we usually like the top stretch. Mrs. Hare sat in her deck chair near the car reading, while Les went to see the oviposition by *coridon*

females amongst the grass in the area that we like so much down the hill. Before long, a purposeful female hove in sight and nose-dived into the grass. Les followed the flight. No egg had been dropped at the bottom of the flight path. She was too cunning for that. She wandered to right and to left and then . . . an egg. Gently laid. With glasses in hand, Les watched. She flew about ten centimetres to the left, and then . . . another egg. Again she moved, again ten centimetres but at forty-five degrees to the last line of flight, and then . . . a third egg — in a perfect equilateral triangle.

Les lay flat on the grass, watching. First there came another female, and then yet another, always laying in the same pattern. He was recalled to other things by a man's stern voice saying: "Are you all right, sir?" He looked up to see the biggest pair of boots he had seen for ages, looked higher, and looked into the face of a policeman. "I'm watching a chalk hill blue lay eggs", he said with perfect truth. "Now, old man", said the bobby, "that there butterfly is brown and not blue, and butterflies don't lay eggs. They just have caterpillars. Sure you're all right?" Les had got up by now. He handed his spy glass to the arm of the law. He pointed to a female about to do her stuff and whispered, "Get down and watch her through the glass". The policeman did as he was bidden. He mouth got wider and wider, and at last, with a rather fierce oath, he said: "\*\*\*\*\*! \*\*\*\*! You're right; she has laid an egg". The other policeman in the panda car went on reading. Perhaps he was too hard-boiled to care! — CANON PETER HAWKER, St. Botolph's Vicarage, South Park, Lincoln.

ANTHOCHARIS CARDAMINES L. IN CUMBRIA. — It might be of interest to append a footnote to Albert G. Long's interesting account of the "Return of the Orange-tip" (*Ent. Rec.*, 91: 160).

During the 42 years during which I have lived in what is now Cumbria, the Orange-tip has been a reasonably common butterfly. From 1951 to 1962 it flew regularly in our garden at Hutton Roof Vicarage, near Kirkby Lonsdale in South Westmorland, and was quite common in the surrounding countryside, particularly in the Morecombe Bay area — Arnside, Witherslack, etc. From 1962 to 1977 it likewise flew in our garden at Threlkeld Rectory, near Keswick, and was common, especially northwards towards the Solway, where, in the low-lying plain, it has to my knowledge been particularly in evidence ever since I came to these parts in 1938. Now I have retired to Melmerby, at the foot of the western escarpment of the Northern Pennines, it again flies in our garden and is frequent all around, but it does not penetrate at all high into the Fells either here, or in the Lake District. Our houses at Hutton Roof, Threlkeld and at Melmerby have all been around the 500 ft. contour, and I believe the butterfly soon disappears above that height. But I would say that on the lower ground in Cumbria, its numbers have not varied a great deal during the past 40 years. — The REVEREND J. H. VINE HALL, 3 The Green, Melmerby, Penrith, Cumbria.